

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

"Independent in all things; Neutral in Nothing."

Vol. 3

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1878.

No. 14

W. B. ROYAL, M. D.,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucher
Next door to the Postoffice, Oakland.

W. R. WILLIS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Roseburg, Oregon

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PRACTICAL GUNSMITH
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E. M. MOORE,
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SUGAR BINDER
On the Pacific Coast, and the
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CLOTHING HATS, BOOTS, SHOES,
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Are prepared to give satisfaction to all.

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Located at Sugar Pine Mountain; Postoffice
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The Company owning these mills would
say they are prepared to furnish the
BEST OF LUMBER
at the most reasonable rates.

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Lumber always on hand, and all persons
wishing to purchase lumber will do well to
give us an opportunity of filling their or-
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ALWAYS ON HAND

THE VERY BEST OF FLOUR
ORDERS FOR

Cracked Wheat, Graham Flour,
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Filled on short notice, and on most liberal
terms. **JONES & GATES.**

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AND MACHINE SHOP,
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STEAM ENGINES, SAW MILLS, GRIST
Mills, Reapers, Pumps, and all kinds
and styles of Machinery made to order. Ma-
chinery repaired at a short notice. Pattern
making done in all its various forms, and
all kinds of brass and iron castings fur-
nished at short notice. Also manufacturer
of Enterprise Planer and Mather, and
Stickers and Sharps.

Notice.
HAVING DISPOSED OF OUR MER-
cantile Business at Canyonville to
Messrs. Tolka, Baden & Co., of San Fran-
cisco, we would respectfully call the at-
tention of those indebted to us and ask them
to make immediate settlement.

Cosmopolitan Restaurant
ROSEBURG, OREGON.

A. E. CHAMPAGNE, Proprie.
The only first-class house in Roseburg
Kept on the European plan Nov.

LAST MOMENTS OF KING EMANUEL.

Seeing the imminent danger the Commissioner Aghemo be-
gged the Prince to allow Count of
Miafiori to enter the King's
chamber. Prince Humbert ac-
ceeded to this request, and the
Count of Miafiori was introduced.
After a few moments Professor
Bruno Bacelli rushed precipitate-
ly from the apartment of the
King and indicated to the per-
sonages assembled in the adjoin-
ing chamber that few moments of
life remained to the king. Prince
Humbert went immediately into
his father's room and knelt at the
foot of the bed. Next to him
knelt the Count of Miafiori.
There were present at the last
breath, besides the Prince and the
Count, the three physicians, who
stood near the couch, General De
Sonnaz, General Medici, the
president of the Council; the
Comm. Carrenti, General Mezza-
capo, Minister of War; Signor
Mancini, Comm. Aghemo, Count
Visone, Colonel Guidotti, Lieut.
tenant Colonel Carenzi and other
officers in service, and four "gar-
cons de chambre," who were the
four confidential domestics of
Victor Emmanuel, for whom he
had a great affection.

THE LAST SCENE.

All present knelt. Signor De-
pretto fell to the floor, convulsed
with sobs and weeping. Victor
Emmanuel, after having looked
once more in the face of each one
present, gave a gentle sigh, half
closed his large eyes and died sit-
ting in bed, leaning toward the
left side, with inclined head.
Some who were present at the
painful moment assert that Victor
Emmanuel appeared sleeping
rather than dead. His position
when dead was the same one
taken by the King when, travel-
ing by rail, he slept upon his
chair in the car. Professor Bruno
then approached the King and
placed his ear in the region of the
heart. The experiment lasted
but an instant, and, rising, Pro-
fessor Bruno said in a loud voice,
interrupted by sobs: "The first
King of Italy is dead; he seems
asleep after a long and glorious
labor."

You Can't Tell.

The sound of blows and cries
attracted a crowd before a house
on Mullet-street the other day,
and directly a policeman came
sauntering along. He seemed a
trifle anxious, and yet made no
movement, and one of the crowd
exclaimed:

Why in the name of heaven
don't you stop that?

Is a fight? inquired the offi-
cer.

Of course.

Are you sure?

Why even a fool can tell that
some one is be pounded to death.

Perhaps so, mused the officer,
but you can't tell—can't tell. I

jumped in just such a case as this
and found that it was a young
lady taking music lessons instead

of a row. Keep still boys and let
me see if I can hear crockery bang
against the walls.

Mary Ellen Chase is authority
for the statement that women
outnumber the men three to one

in heaven. Will she dispel the
agonizing doubts in a puzzled
brain by coming forward and ex-
plaining how, under those circum-
stances heaven could be heaven

—for the men.

Poetical license is about as
flexible as repentance in time of
danger, but it does seem as if
it was taking a mean advantage

of to make Ephesians rhyme with
lower regions, as an ambitious
contributor persists in doing.

NOTES AND NEWS.

War subsiding.
The grain yellowing.

Harvest commencing.
Hot, hotter, hottest.

Destitute families in Umatilla.
Gov. Chadwick returned from
Umatilla county wore out.

A few weeks will determine as
to whether the present crop will
be large or small.

Country relations are in favor.
Fri-day comes along every day
in the week.

The dead man is the only one
who enjoys a shave.

Flour is worth \$8 a barrel in
Curry county.

From north of Dallas wheat in
Polk county is very poor.

H. McNally has been arrested
at Corvallis for till tapping.

There is not an empty house
in Jacksonville.

Blooded pigs and sheep are
being shipped to Victoria from
Forest Grove.

Captain Brown, of Astoria, has
1,000 gallons of fish oil ready for
shipment.

Seventh day adventists have
begun their camp meeting about
three miles from Salem.

W. B. Carter, the newly elect-
ed State Printer, has filed his
bonds.

The Junction paper gives Nec-
mith a lively send off in the Sen-
atorial race.

The population of Washington
Territory is estimated at about
60,000.

Amity is said to contain more
bachelors and grass widows than
any other neighborhood in the
State.

Mr. Bardwell's house and fur-
niture, valued at \$2,000, Linn
county, has been destroyed by
fire.

Some one thinks the world is
naturally bad because nobody
ever reads a sermon published in
the newspapers.

Get your smoked glass ready
to see the eclipse of the sun on
the 29th instant. Be on hand at
half-past twelve and gaze till
bree.

A. M. Simpson, of Coos coun-
ty, is building a new schooner at
Gardiner city. It will be an elan-
gant vessel when completed.

Two engines for the Dayton
and Sheridan narrow gauge rail-
road, has arrived at Portland.
The road is being pushed to-
ward.

A drunken man was knocked
off the track by the cowcatcher
of a train, between Oregon City
and New Era the other day, and
not hurt in the least.

A gentleman who came up the
river recently reports the run of
salmon in the Columbia on the
increase. One boat took one
hundred and eleven fish at one
haul.

Capt. Miles Bell, J. G. Wright,
Major Lord and other stockhold-
ers have about closed a contract to
resume work on the Capital mine.
The stock to be sold by Assignee
Bush will probably be bid pretty
well up.

Wilson, who escaped from the
State Prison in company with
Schultz, and who is said to be a
desperate character, had a nar-
row escape from being captured
at Portland.

The Reason.

Why the famous race-horse
did not win the race at Louisville

is called Mollie McCarthy, is
thus explained: Away up in the
gold regions of Nevada Captain

Winters had a warm and devoted
friend in the person of Colonel
McCarthy, and he has a daughter,
Miss Mollie, who is said to be the
most beautiful and accomplished
young lady in all Nevada, and it
was in honor of this belle that the
celebrated little mare was called.

And so a human being, beautiful
and a belle, gets a little fame in
the newspapers from the fact that
a horse was named after her.

Be polite to the aged every-
where.

A PULL BACK.

A little Pull Back sought one day
The gates of Paradise;
St. Peter wiped his spectacles,
And rubbed his ancient eyes.

And throngs of female angels came
With curious gaze the while,
Intent, as ladies always are,
To see the latest style.

The Saint put on his glasses then—
An observation took.
"What! What!" he said, "this traverses
The laws of musn's look."

"Tied back in front! Piled up behind!
"I'll never do, I fear!
The thing is too ridiculous—
You cannot enter here."

What did she do? My curious friend,
She got behind a tree;
And in a jiffy she was dressed,
As angels ought to be.

St. Peter kissed her then, and said:
"Pass in, my little dear;
But mind you musn't introduce
Such naughty fashions here."

A MAN'S STORY.

I loved her, that woman you
see going down the street, with
the child clinging to hand. You

look at me wonderingly, for you
have probably come to the same
conclusion that most of my friend

have, that I never loved any wo-
man. But I tell you, Rothermel,
I loved that woman as I shall

never love any one else in this
wide world. So you see I have
my romance hidden away from

curious eyes, as well as the rest
of you. I sometimes wonder if
there can be a life so prosaic that

it does not have a touch of ro-
mance in it somewhere. I think
not. But the world does not see it

and concludes it does not exist.
Let me tell you about the ro-
mance, Rothermel. I know you

well enough to be quite sure you
will not tell it to any one. It
would not interest them, if you

were to do so, and there is some-
thing about it, as there is
always about our sorrows, which

prompts me to keep it out
of sight of all but those who can
understand me.

I met Alice Graem at the
White mountains six years ago,
and I loved her from the very

first time I saw her. There was
something about her which seem-
ed different from any woman I

had ever met before. She is the
first and only woman who ever
could set my heart in a flutter by

her glance or the touch of her
hand. If you ever love a woman
as I loved her, you will under-
stand what I mean when I tell

you that, that summer was the
summer time of life and all the
world to me. The mountains

seemed to have caught that "light
that never was on land or sea,"
that I heard you reading to Miss

Finlay about last night. The sky
was tender as her eyes. The sun-
shine seemed to have a new

brightness. The world was a new
world to me, and all because I
loved Alice Graem.

I saw her every day, and was
with her a great deal. We walk-
ed together in the wild, deligh-
tful path that wound about the

feet of the mountains; what we
said to each other I cannot tell,
but I know that these long hours

spent with her in the silence and
grandeur of the old rocks and the
trees, with far above us the great

hills, whose summits seemed to
peer heaven itself, were the
sweetest hours I ever knew.

The summer went by, and I
did not tell her that I loved her.
I could not. Of course, and often

the words came to my lips but I
could not utter them. A wild, foolish
fear would strike me dumb.

I have wondered often, since
then, why I felt as I did, when I
tried to tell her the truth. It

was not because I was afraid of
her frowning on my wooing, for
I was sure that she loved me. I

had read it in her eyes, and in the
tell-tale color which would rise to
her cheeks, sometimes, at word

or look of mine. But, for all I
had nothing to fear and every-
thing to encourage me, I was a

pitiful coward, and the love I had
to offer was kept to myself.

But I told myself that there
was no use in hasty matters. I
would see her by and by, and when

the winter came, and that would
be time enough.

The winter came and we met
again. I shall never forget that
meeting any more than I shall

forget our parting. It was at a
party. I saw her standing apart
from the crowd, and went toward

her. She saw me coming, and
her eyes lit up as a morning-glory

does when the sun strikes it sud-
denly. Her face was radiant for
one moment. Then her eyes

wavered and fell, and she did not
look up until I was close by and
held out my hand with a few

words of greeting. My heart was
in a flutter of gladness. She was
near—and I loved her!

After that we met often. Once
I came near showing her my heart.
I would to God I had done so.

Rothermel! I was very near hea-
ven—the gates were almost open
—but I dared not venture in and

they will never uncloset for me
again. Don't accuse me of talk-
ing sentiment, for I am not. If

you ever love a woman you will
find that her love is to you on
earth what heaven will be when

you are dead. I believe that. So
will you.

I said that I came near showing
her my heart. We were alone.
I had been reading some poem to

her, and its story of love had car-
ried my heart along on its tide of
passion, until I felt that it was

my own story. I shut the book
and turned to her with my heart
upon my lips. Her eyes were

strangely tender with the feeling
which the poem I had been read-
ing had awakened in her breast.

She smiled into my eyes—I touch-
ed her hand as you might touch
a rose—and was dumb!

If I had only spoken! But that
wild, cursed, fear was upon me
and the happiness of a lifetime

slipped from my grasp, and was
lost forever.

I did not see her again for
months. She had gone South to
visit some friends.

But I dreamed of her, in my
day-dreams, and had my plans
for the future, and not one plan

was woven in which she was not
the central thought. When she
came back I would speak out. I

would dally no longer.

By and by I heard that she had
a lover in that Southern city
where her friends lived. A fear

sprang up in my heart. What if
I should lose her, after all? But
the thought that she loved me

quieted me.

I waited anxiously for her com-
ing home. She came at last, and
the told me that she did not come

alone.

I would go to her. I would
make my happiness sure.

I went to her. She met me
with a touch of the brightness in
her face. Then it grew pale, and

I fancied that she was ill at ease.
She did not seem like her old
self. True, I could call the color

to her cheek for a moment, at
some low word of mine, and her
eyes would light up with the old

tenderness, but a swift shadow
would fall and hide it all.

At last I spoke out:
"Alice," I said, "I love you. I
have come to tell you so at last."

Her face grew pale as death.
Her eyes filled with a darker
shadabow.

"Oh, why have you told me
this now?" she cried. "If you
had only told me this before!"

My heart seemed to stop beat-
ing.

"You love me!" I cried. "No
thing must come between us
Alice."

"There is a promise that I can-
not break between us," she said;
and her voice sounded far away.

"I am to marry Douglas Leith."
It was then that I realized
what I might have had, had it not
been for my insane folly. I had

lost her—and God help me! I
loved her so well!

"I thought you loved me," I
said, by and by, when I could
command my voice.

"I did!" he cried, and burst-
ing to a passion of tears. "But I
thought you could not care very

much for me, for you never told
me that you loved me."

I cannot tell you any more
about that last interview, Rother-
mel. I went away knowing
that the woman I had lost loved

me, and might have been mine if
I had spoken out like a man
when I ought to have done so.

But I had lost her forever. I
must go on my way alone, haun-
ted by the memory of what was,
and is, and of what may not be.

You never dreamed I was a haun-
ted man, Rothermel, but I am.
When I see that woman, as we
saw her just now, you cannot

guess how my heart cries out for
what it might have had, if I had
not been a coward.

For your own sake and hers, if
you love a woman, Rothermel,
tell her so. Don't shipwreck
your happiness as I have mine.

* * * * * Will you give
me a light?—my cigar has gone
out. Ah!—thanks!

"Keep a Stiff Upper Lip."

There has something gone wrong.
My brave boy, it appears.
For I see your proud struggle
To keep back the tears.

That is right. When you cannot
Give trouble the slip,
Then bear it, still keeping
"A stiff upper lip."

Though you cannot escape
Disappointment and care,
The next best thing to do
Is to learn how to bear.

If when for life's prizes
You're running, your trip,
Get up—start again.
"Keep a stiff upper lip."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Denying a fault doubles it.
Knavery is the worst trade.

Quiet conscience gives sleep.
Boasters are cousins to liars.

Foolish fear doubles danger.
Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Knowledge is ascertained facts.
Ideas are pictures in the mind.

Notions are ideas partly formed.
Be just before you are generous.

Upright walking is sure walk-
ing.

Richest is he that wants the
least.

Wit and happiness are near
kin.

Strong reasons make strong ac-
tions.

The sleeping fox catches no
poultry.

Blunt people often say sharp
things.

Candid thoughts are always
valuable.

Progress is born of doubt and
anxiety.

You never lose by doing a good
turn.

Liberty is a priceless jewel of
the soul.

Worship is the acquiring of
knowledge.

Humility is the mother of con-
tentment.

Be lively, but not light, solid,
but not sad.

Keep good principles, and they
will keep you.

Try to get good, and you are
sure to get good.

We would willingly have others
perfect, and yet we amend not our
own faults.

A page digested is better than
a volume hurriedly read.—Macau-
ley.

"The voice of joy and health is
in the dwelling of the righteous."

There is always room for a man
of force and he makes room for
many.—Emerson.

He who thinks he can do with-
out others is mistaken; he who
thinks others can do without
him is still more mistaken.

TERRITORIAL.

Peach trees are loaded down
with ripe fruit on the Clearwater
Idaho.

Some twenty five men are in
the Skyhomish river mines, W.
T., doing well.

Mr. Lamme and two hired men
are killing 300 rabbits a day on
the former's farm in Boise valley.

Even before the order of the
army officers from this city to
Vancouver, there were but two
vacant houses in that town.